ANITY of VANITIES,

OR, A

DIALOGUE

ewing how uncertain and vain a Thing the Life of Man is. Betweed a Prince, a Begger, and Death. To the Tune of, *Aim not too high*, &c.

Licens'd according to Order.

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Vanity of Vanities, &c

Prince.

WHat Glory can the World to Man afford,
That I cannot command with one bare word
All knees do bow, each Subjects head is bare,
To me they listen with attentive Ear.

Vice-roy I am to Him that Rules above,
By Right Divine Mankind my Rule approve.
Next under Heavens Great King I bear the sway,
Who ought my Power resist, my Words gain-say.

Beggar.

This Power to you we grant, yet you must dye.
Your costly Robes your rich Attire must lye
With my poor Rags, must in the Dust be laid.
There is no Armour 'gainst your Fate can aid.

Death takes off every Rank, and each Degree,
From his dread stroke no Mortal can be free;
As well the Peer as Peasant must submit
To his commanding Power when God thinks fit.

Prince

But know, I am a Prince? What! Will Death ma
So bold 'n attempt, a prince's Life to take?
Have I not subjects? won't these satisfie
His hungry paunch, but Princes too must dye?

B

Beggar.

Alas! this will not do, nor can you ſave
By any means your Body from the Grave:
Death lays his Icy hands on Kings, they fall
As we poor Beggers do when Death doth call:

Death takes no ſpells, each Man in his own turn
Without reſiſtance ſhall to Earth return.
If that Ten theuſand for your ſake would dye,
They cou'd not clear you from your Deſtsny.

Prince.

WIll this not do? then I have Gold in ſtore,
And Silver, to prevent me from Death's Door;
This I will freely give to paſs him by,
That I may live on Earth and never dye.

Begger.

All this is Vain, your Expectation's loſt,
Life can't be ranſom'd with the greateſt Coſt.
Had you ten thouſand VVorlds in hand to give,
Not one ſhort day the longer you would live.

As we poor ragged Beggers dye, ſo muſt
The proudeſt Monarch be entomb'd in Duſt:
Death dreads no Golden Crowns, nor Scepters bright,
But locks them all up in Eternal night.

But neither ſtore of VVealth nor Riches can
Prevail to ſave the Life of any Man.
'Tis when your Sands are run, you muſt away,
Death can't be brib'd into the leaſt delay.

Prince.

Phyſicians ſtore are waiting at my Gate;
Can't theſe prevent and turn away my Fate?
No powerful Cordials give me longer breath?
No Art prevail againſt the force of Death.

Begger.

Experience daily doth you certifie,
Their skill can't cure whom Death condemns to dye.
And ſee, he comes, he dreadfully draws near;
Therefore, great Prince to wait on him prepare.

Prince.

What means this pale-fac'd Ghoſt, this ghaſtly ſight?
Such looks become the ſhadows of the Night:

Thy

Thy Picture I have ſeen, and heard thy name:
Art thou not call'd *Mortality*? [*Death.*] the ſame.

Prince.

Whence cam'ſt thou then? what is thy Errand here,
That thou preſum'ſt to come my Pallace near?
Dark Graves and loathſome Tombs are a fit place
To entertain thy pale and ghaſtly face;

Go hence, converſe with dead Mens Skulls and Bones,
They fitteſt are for thy Companions;
My gallant Robes, my ſtately Ornaments
Are Subjects for the Courtiers Complements.

A Prince to whom each cringing Nation bows;
And on whoſe ſmiles and frowns hang joys and woes.
My Crown each Nobles heart doth ſtrike with fear;
How durſt thou then (vile wretch) approach ſo near?

Death.

In vain, in vain 'tis all that thou haſt ſpoke,
For I am come to ſtrike thee, the ſame ſtroke
Which from my hand thy Predeceſſors had,
Who are all gone, and in their Graves lye dead;

I fear no Crown nor Scepter, thou ſhalt find,
I will not go and leave thy Life behind;
Heaven gives Command, thy Life I cannot ſpare;
To meet thy God in Heaven great Prince prepare.

As this poor Begger in his Rags ſubmits,
So muſt a King, who in his Kingdom ſits.
No Throne nor Armed Power can be his guard,
When once I ſummon him to his Reward.

Prince

Prince.

I've Subjects ſtore, who willing are to dye,
To keep my Body from Mortality;
Take ſome of theſe, of them whoe'er thou wilt:
But ſpare my Life, let not my Blood be ſpilt.

Death.

I cannot do't, my Warrant is for you,
Therefore to all your Glory bid adieu:
If twice ten thouſand for your ſake would dye,
This can't exempt you from Mortality.

Prince.

I have much Gold in ſtore, I'll freely give
All this and more if thou wilt let me live;

My

This Begg
As thou, wi

His Life's as mi
Prepare thyſelf, great Pr
Eor no denial I muſt now r
Haſte, haſte great Prince, yo leave.

Prince.

Come you who have contrived long by Art,
And ſtudy ſoveraign Medicine to impart,
Try now if you by Skill can Death gain-ſay,
In keeping me ſafe from Mortality.

Death.

Call not, What, ſhall the learn'd Phyſicians cure
The fatal wound which I have ſtruck ſo ſure?
In vain is Art where I have made the wound;
Where my Dart ſtrikes, no Cure on Earth is found.

Prince.

I feel the blow, it is a deadly one,
My Gold is loſt, and all my Glory's gone;
A chilly Cold benumbs me in e'ery part,
My blood grows cold, and ſtands ſtill round my heart;

My

My

Set [illegible]
On E[illegible]

[illegible] in the Grave,
[illegible]ocrest fall;
can happy call.

What is't to be a King? when pale Death comes,
As Beggers lye, so lye the Kings in Tombs:
Death calls and knocks too at the Prince's door,
As at the homely Cottage of the Poor:

Death mixes one with 'tother, great with small;
As dies the poor so doth the rich Man fall.
But happy is that Man, whether rich or poor,
Who is prepar'd when Death calls at his door.

FINIS.